

Special Notices.

So often can be taken of newspapers, especially when they are intended for insertion in the columns of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good health.

We do not publish any news expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

This new post box now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for them, theft, and any other good and useful news, especially to be printed in a newspaper, a serious offense to the town where the newspaper is sold. It is to be hoped that goods to the amount of \$100 will be seized.

Local. We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that the two last notices, especially to be printed in a newspaper, are now to be paid for the town where the newspaper is sold. It is to be hoped that goods to the amount of \$100 will be seized.

DO THE KNIGHT, BOYS!

BY W. N. R.

Have courage, boys, to do the right; Lill's battle must be fought. And those who stand by will win the right; Success is sure to those who hold the right. For now's the time to win the day. For men who silly play.

Those who have been won away That gain the foremost place. Have courage, boys, to do the right; It's every little thing. No sin is small in heaven's sight, And those who stand by will win the right. The last good soul shall stand. Those who have won away, For goodness strengthens every hand. And makes strong men all.

Have courage, boys, to do the right; Be bold, be brave, be strong! By doing right we get the right; By overcome the wrong. The last good soul shall stand. Those who have won away, For goodness strengthens every hand. And makes strong men all.

Have courage, boys, to do the right; Like heroes of renown; For only those who bear the fight Can hope to wear the crown. Let manhood stand, stand, stand, be. And stand the man and join; Seek after truth and purity, And hold high that purity.

Have courage, boys, to do the right; Walk in the good old way. Steady day by day to conquer sin, And ever watch and pray; Success will come, still persevere, And keep the price in sight. Help out thy high best will cheer While fighting for the right.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MISS ANNIE CAREY.

Give me joy, dear mamma, for I have won the prize! I cried privately May Victor, as she burst into her step-mother's boudoir with a laughing imitation of Claude Melotte's first entrance and a slight misquotation of that lover's words.

Lucille Victor raised her head from the crimson satin cushions of the couch on which she had been reclining, with a look of pleased surprise on her beautiful, pale face.

She had been six months the wife of Rodney Victor and this was the first time his golden-haired daughter had addressed her by any term of endearment, and only God and herself knew how often her lonely heart had yearned for some token of affection from the laughing, merry-hearted maiden, and treasured every word of kindness that had fallen from the lips now wreathed in brightest smiles. She half extended her arms, as if to clasp the petite form to her breast, but May's blue eyes were turned away from her, and she dropped her hands with a sigh, abashed at her own temerity.

"What has occurred to please you, May? You are very happy," she said simply, and May flushed and dropped her blue eyes in shyness as she gaily responded:

"Alwyn Dale has asked me to be his wife; I have not won the highest prize in the matrimonial market?"

Mrs. Victor paid no attention to the laughing query; she asked, firmly; and wondering at the tone in which the words were spoken, May held up her left hand upon the third finger of which a magnificent diamond sparkled the seal of her betrothal. "You have done wrong, May Victor; in the absence of your father you should have consulted me before deciding such a momentous question. I have not seen the man you have promised to marry; I know nothing whatever of his antecedents beyond the fact that he is English and boasts of being heir presumptive to a barony."

May interrupted her before she could proceed further; the girl's small figure was drawn to its full height, her face was flushed, and her blue eyes kindling with anger.

"I don't acknowledge your right to decide on my matter concerning my future welfare. Mrs. Victor, she said bitterly. "You for-

get that I am twenty-one—only three years your junior. My father married you without consulting my wishes, although I had been his confidant and companion from early childhood. From the hour that you became mistress of my home I have considered myself mistress of my own actions, and now that a brilliant future is before me, I shall not allow you to interfere between me and the man I have promised to marry. That you have not met him is no fault of mine. You are an invalid, confined almost constantly to your own apartments, and had it not been for the kindness of Cousin Lalie, I would have no one to chaperone me during my father's absence. I will write to papa and tell him all; he will exonerate you from all blame in the matter, never fear."

The last words were spoken in a coldly sarcastic tone, as May turned to leave the room.

"Some day, May Victor, you will regret your unkindness to me," Lucille said, and the words were uttered in the tone of a reproach.

Long after May had left her, and when the girl's sweet voice was borne to her ears from the parlor below, singing a pathetic Italian reverie, the young step-mother lay with her face buried in the sofa-cushions, living over again the weary months she had spent in her husband's home.

She was an orphan, eking out a scanty living by teaching music in the city of London, where Rodney Victor met her, and won by the beauty of her face, wooed her persistently, and asked her to be his wife. Despite his forty-five years, and the silver threads just gathering in his brown hair, the lonely orphan girl learned to love him, and they were married. Then followed two months of supreme happiness. Mr. Victor was fondly devoted to his beautiful bride, and travelled with her from place to place, proud of her beauty, and the admiration she excited in the circles in which he delighted to introduce her. At the end of this time he announced his intention of returning to his home in New York, and Lucille's heart thrilled with delight at the thought of this home coming, for from her husband's manner of speaking of his "golden little one," she had formed the idea that May was a child, upon whom she might lavish her affection, and whom she would teach to love her. How different was the reality! When the news of her father's marriage reached May, she carried the letter containing the announcement to Cousin Lalie, who was the niece of her dead mother, and, being many years older than May, had acted in the capacity of housekeeper to her wealthy uncle-in-law. The news of the latter's marriage was bitter as gall and wormwood to Lalie, for she had ruled the household, and wanted no new mistress to reign. May, who was naturally a sweet-tempered and affectionate girl, but weak and easily led, was taught by her cousin to regard her father's wife as an interloper, who would usurp her place in her father's heart, and rob his child of his affection.

The beautiful face, and gentle, winning ways of Lucille would have won the girl's love, had not Cousin Lalie been ever near to poison her mind against the interloper. Poor Lucille was chilled by the welcome she received on her entrance into her new home, and from that hour her tender heart was continually receiving wounds that seemed barbed as she attempted to draw them out by reasoning and patience. It needed all her Christian heroism to forbear, yet no word of complaint escaped her lips, although her face paled, the roses faded from her cheeks with the secret tears she shed, and when her husband, whose love alone had sustained her, was called away Florida on business connected with property to which he had fallen heir, Lucille could no longer endure her loneliness, and from the hour of his departure, she sank into a state of nervous depression that bade fair to assume more dangerous symptoms.

May's communication startled and alarmed her, for she knew her husband would blame her for not acquainting him with the fact of Dale's visits to his daughter, and she ventured to remonstrate, with what result we have already seen.

May interrupted her before she could proceed further; the girl's small figure was drawn to its full height, her face was flushed, and her blue eyes kindling with anger.

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get that I am twenty-one—only three years your junior. My father married you without consulting my wishes, although I had been his confidant and companion from early childhood. From the hour that you became mistress of my home I have considered myself mistress of my own actions, and now that a brilliant future is before me, I shall not allow you to interfere between me and the man I have promised to marry. That you have not met him is no fault of mine. You are an invalid, confined almost constantly to your own apartments, and had it not been for the kindness of Cousin Lalie, I would have no one to chaperone me during my father's absence. I will write to papa and tell him all; he will exonerate you from all blame in the matter, never fear."

Mechanically her eyes wandered out of the window to where the twilight shadows were falling over the smooth-shaven lawn, and fragrant flower parterres, and she caught a glimpse of a white dress disappearing among the trees where May was walking with her lover.

A sudden desire seized her to see this Alwyn Dale whom May had promised to wed, and on the impulse of the moment she rang for her maid, and started the girl by the abrupt manner in which she announced her intention of going out on the lawn.

"Mais, madame," the French girl began, but Lucille silenced her.

"I understand, Anna, you would say I am to ill to venture out, but do not fear, the air will do me good," she said in Anna's own language, and Anna only shrugged her shoulders as she wrapped a soft, white shawl about her mistress and watched the graceful, willowy form gliding slowly down the lawn.

Guided by the sound of May's merry voice, and frequent ripples of silvery laughter, Lucille approached the arbor in which the lovers were seated side by side. Her light footfall made no sound on the velvety grass, and the lovers, absorbed in their own conversation, were not aware of her presence. She was about to call May's name, when the gentleman raised his head and glanced straight towards the spot where she stood, looking like some beautiful statue in the glittering mists of the twilight.

An awful greyish pallor overspread the face of May's lover, and the name "Lucille" escaped his lips in a hoarse whisper, while Lucille gave utterance to a low, inarticulate cry and fell senseless at his feet.

May's cry of alarm brought the servants to the spot, and during the scene that followed Alwyn Dale disappeared. Lucille was soon restored to consciousness, but she was evidently very ill; her beautiful dark eyes were burning with fever fire, and the small, restless hands burned on with their lightest touch.

"I must not give way to this dreadful weakness, I must see him! Oh, heaven, give me strength to do my duty!" she whispered, as she paced the floor of her chamber with unsteady, faltering steps.

A doctor had been sent for,

and Anna, in a fever of impatience, was watching for him at the gate, when May's lover approached her cautiously and entreated her to keep a note to be delivered at once to her mistress.

"This is for you, Anna," as he placed a ten-dollar note in her hand; "and remember, on no conditions give the note into other hands than those of your mistress, you understand?"

"Oui, monsieur," Anna answered demurely, as she pocketed his gift and hurried towards the house.

"Mon sieur mistakes me for the maid of Mademoiselle May," she thought, and made haste to hand the note to May without a suspicion that it was intended for Lucille.

With face flushing and paling by turns, she unfolded the envelope and read as follows:

"Lucille—if you ever loved me, come to me to-night, before you have spoken to May. I will linger near the old oak, just outside the west gate. Do not fail to come to me—remember the tie that binds you to D. D."

Every vestige of color faded from May's pearl-fair face as she reads the words, and Lalie, who had read the note over her cousin's shoulder, laughed mockingly: "I told you so! I always knew she was a hypocrite; she couldn't impose on me with her smooth face and saintly ways," the woman exclaimed exultantly; but May silenced her with a gesture of command.

"By my petticoat, I must seek further for the future Lady Alwyn."

When he had gone, May dropped her head on Lucille's breast sobbing softly.

"Will you ever forgive me,

dear? will you ever forgive my neglect and coldness?" she faltered, and Lucille answered, tremblingly:

"There is nothing to forgive, my darling, only love me little, my heart has so long craved your love."

A few minutes later Lalie, watching with eager eyes to see the beloved mistress coming back in disgrace, was horrified to see her approaching with May's blue eyes fixed lovingly on her pale face. Lalie was never so appalled by the true state of affairs and soon left the house in disgrace, unable to bear the sight of her cousin's devotion to her young step-mother.

May did not grieve for her lover's loss, as she had never loved him, and for the first time Lucille was quite happy in her husband's home. When Mr. Victor returned he was rejoiced to see how May clung to him, and laughingly exclaimed: "Ah, Goldie, I knew you could not long resist your beautiful mamma; how happy I am to see you wedded!"

When he heard the story of May Dale he looked very grave for a moment but seeing Lucille's lips quiver, he caught her to his heart, kissing her tears away as he whispered:

"My noble wife! My darling now and always!"

"That is all very nice, but where is my title? Ah, mamma, I won the prize, but what was it worth, indeed? I cried merrily May dancing out of the room, with her blue eyes sparkling and her sweet face all aglow.

"Those People" clears out Baby, Miles. The People—Walter Health Insurance—reduces health and cigar cases (hypnotic) to \$1.

"Those on Corsets," for Cora, Boston, etc.

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